The Controverſie between *Robin* and *Dolls* Houſe-keeping.

Doll would Marry, but *Robin* would not,
Becauſe they have but little to put in the pot;
But in the Concluſion they agree very well,
And now ſhe moſt bravely doth brew for to ſell.

To the Tune of, *I'le be Married to morrow.*

ROBin thou ſaid'ſt thoud'ſt love me long,
Then let me ſpeak unto thee,
Sure thou'rt minded to do me no wrong,
for this long time you have woo'd me.
And every day I have thought a year,
but now for to put me out of all fear,
Come let's go to Church and be married my dear,
and then I can cry have at it, have at it,
and then I can cry have at it.

The truth on't is Doll, I love thee well,
but yet I am loath to marry,
Becauſe houſe-keeping is ſo chargeable,
therefore let's longer tarry.
Till Bed and bedding we do provide,
and a houſe wherein our heads to hide,
All theſe we muſt have ere thou art a bride.
or yet dare cry have at it, have at it,
or yet dare cry have it.

You'r a fool, quoth ſhe, the Proverb runs ſo,
marry and get goods after,
And i'm ſure 'twill make you ſmile I know,
to ſee a brave Son or a Daughter.
I have ſuch whimſies in my brain,
that bravely my Robin I will maintain,
Thou ſhalt not go like a rogue in grain,
if I cou'd but once cry have at it, have at it,
if I cou'd; &c.

Thou knowe'ſt we liv'd in an Ale-houſe long,
then let reaſon rule thee, or perſwading,
And have brew'd good liquor ſmall and ſtrong,
and knows what belongs to trading.
And now I will ſet up the ſign o'th Bell,
and good fellows I mean to uſe ſo well,
That two quarts of Ale for a penny i'le ſell,
but yet I will cry have at it, have at it,
but, &c.

But Doll in ſo doing you'l fall in a trap,
and Shooes over boots will be running,
And i'me very fearful you'l piſs in the tap,
for all your craft and your cunning.
Tuſh, take you no care, none on you ſhall call,
for I will take in and deliver out all,
What if on my back I now and then fall,
with roaring boys that will have at it, have at it,
with, &c.

Thou doſt not underſtand what a trade I can drive
when good fellows they do come about me,
Then prethee my deareſt make me thy Wife,
or I promiſe thee i'le go without thee.
Then prethee ſweet Robin as ſoon as you can,
let's appoint the day, for I know thou'rt a man,
We'l bid all our friends, with ſimpering Nan,
then a Tueſday next have at it, have at it,
then a Tueſday, &c.

By Dolly, thy tongue runs of too many things,
ſeeing we want Brafs, Pewter, and Cloathing,
You know a Bird can't flye without wings,
and without money we can do nothing:
Thou talk'ſt like a Negit, for I have now got,
ſixteen ſhillings to buy us a fat, (that,
And I can borrow a kettle, what thinkeſt thou by
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My mother has promiſed to do what ſhe can,
to help me to bed and bedding,
My ſiſter will give me a Frying-pan,
and will joyfully dance at our wedding.
Beſides, ſome Houſhold goods I have got,
moreover my honey, I'le tell thee what,
I have got a two-penny Chamber-pot,
then a Tueſday, &c.

Sweet Doll, I confeſs I love thee dear,
but this will be our vexation,
We can't build Caſtles in the air,
except we've a good foundation;
Nor with ſo few goods we can't begin;
we muſt have without doors as well as within,
Before we do cry, &c.

Fear not Robin, but we ſhall thrive,
I think you ne'r found me a Lyar,
What though a ſmall trade at firſt we do drive,
by degrees we may riſe higher:
Ile borrow of one another to pay,
with a Shilling or two i'le ſend him away,
If I but ſmile on him, i'le make him to ſtay,
then a Tueſday, &c.

You know new beginners do want things at firſt,
the which doth begin with a little,
And tho I ſay't, let the worſt come to the worſt,
I know where to have a brewing Kettle.
And as for Malt, I have it not to ſeek;
what though but a buſhel we brew the firſt week,
Ile make it ſo ſtrong, and as keen as a Leek,
then a Tueſday, &c.

Why now Doll I ſee thy wit is the beſt,
and thus much i'le ſpeak unto thee,
Here is my hand, I vow and proteſt
never more to forgo thee:
Then make all things ready as faſt as you can,
for I do not care how ſoon it is done,
And thou'lt ſee i'le prove my ſelf a man,
then a Tueſday, &c.

Now Doll ſhe an Ale-wife is turn'd,
and I hope ſhe'l prove a brave one,
And for to be one ſhe long time has mourn'd,
her husband ſhe don't make a ſlave on.
Now ſhe brews good Ale, and good Beer for to ſell,
and if you would ſee her, ſhe lives at the Bell,
And if you want a bit, ſhe will uſe you well:
Then, &c.

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